THE AGE OF PROGRESS.

Devoted to the Development and Propagation of Truth, the Enfranchisement and Cultivation of the Human Mind.

STEPHEN ALBRO, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER. | BUFFALO, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 22, 1855. | VOLUME I.—NO. 51.

Poetry.

The Duty of the State-

Who bids for the little children—
  Body and soul and brain;
Young and without a stain?
  Who bids for the little children—
Young and without a stain?
  Will no one bid for the children?
For their souls so pure and white,
  And fit for all good and evil,
The world on their pages may write?

"We bid," say Pest and Famine,
  "We bid for life and limb;
Fever and pain and squalor
  The bright young eyes shall dim.
When the children grow too many,
  We'll nurse them as our own,
And hide them in secret places,
  Where none may hear their moan."

"I bid," says Beggary, howling,
  "I'll buy them one and all,
I'll teach them a thousand lessons
  To lie, to skulk; to crawl.
They shall sleep in my lair like maggots,
  They shall rot in the fair sunshine;
And if they serve my purpose,
  I hope they'll answer thine."

"And I'll bid higher and higher,"
  Said Crime with wolfish grin,
"For I love to lead the children,
  Through the pleasant paths of sin;
They shall swarm in the streets to pilfer,
  They shall plague the broad highway,
Till they grow too old for pity
  And ripe for the law to slay.

"Prison and hulk and gallows
  Are many in the land,
Twere folly not to use them,
  So proudly as they stand.
Give me the little children,
  I'll take them as they're born,
And I'll feed their evil passions
  With misery and scorn.

Give me the little children,
  Ye good, ye rich, ye wise,
And let the busy world spin round,
  While ye shut your idle eyes;
And your judges shall have work,
  And your lawyers wag the tongue;
And the jailors and policemen
  Shall fathers be to the young.

"Oh, shame! cried true Religion,
  "Oh shame, that this should be!
I'll take the little chilldren—
  I'll take them all to me.
I'll raise them up with kindness
  From the mire in which they've trod;
I'll teach them words of blessing,
  I'll lead them up to God."

The Poor Man's Day.

BY EBENEZER ELLIOTT.

Sabbath holy!
To the lowly
Still thou art a welcome day,
When thou comes, earth and ocean,
Shade and brightness, rest and motion,
Help the poor man's heart to pay.

Sun walked forest!
Bird that soarest
O'er the mute unpurpled moor!
Throstle's song that streams-like flows!
Wind, that over dew-drop goes!
Welcome now the woe worn poor!

Little river,
Young forever!
Cloud, gold bright with thankful glee!
Happy Woodbine gladly weeping!
Gnat within the wild rose keeping!
Oh, that they were blessed, as ye!

Sabbath holy!
For the lowly
Paint with flowers thy glittering sod;
For affiction's sons and daughters,
Bid thy mountains, woods and waters,
Pray to God, the poor man's God.

Pale young mother!
Gasping brother!
Sister toiling in despair!
Grief-bowed sire, that life long diest!
White lipp'd child that, sleeping sighest!
Come and drink the light and air.

Still God liveth!
Still He giveth
What no law can take away;
And, on Sabbath! bringing gladness
Unto hearts of weary sadness,
Still art thou "The Poor Ma's Day!"

The idea of Endless Wrong an Abomination, or, Hope to All.

BY REV. J. B. FERGUSON.

"Shall not the Judge of all the earth do right?" —GENESIS XVIII., 25.

Nothing so hinders the free and joyous exercise of the mind, or dwarfs and deadens the feelings that inspire to humane and hopeful duties, as the commonly accepted ideas of God and futurity. The reason is obvious: Dark views of God cover or cloud the fountain of Spiritual light, while fearful views of the future destroy or weaken hope, the talisman of the soul. Who can be happy with a Devil to fear, instead of a God to love? or a fiend to serve, instead of a brother to help? or a hell, yawning before his every step with remorseless jaws and eternal grasp, instead of a heaven of unfolding light, beauty and happiness? The very horror of the contrast should reveal the absurdity of such a religious faith; and it would reveal it but for the chains that ignorance has forged, and duplicity and servility to fleshly interests, still rivet. To hear a man of honest purposes and zealous soul, devoutly and sincerely praying: "O God! hadst thou dealt with us according to our desert, thou hadst long since cut us down as cumberers of the ground, and consigned us to the flames of an endless hell; hadst thou been strict to mark iniquity we should now be lifting up our unavailing cries where the worm dieth not and the fire is unquenched,"—we say, such a sight, next to a Bedlam of insanity, is the most sad and deplorable picture that can come under the observation of an opened mind. Nay, if we were strict to make differences, we should be compelled to say that insanity is the more relieved picture of the two, for it strikes us more as a calamity to a part of our mental nature, than the voluntary surrender of the whole.

And yet, how frequently do we hear this self-accusation? How often in servile imitation of others—alas! how often in sincere, though thoughtless devotion! Let us analyze it calmly, and see the points in such a creed and prayer; and yet we must do it faithfully.

It asserts that God is not just. "If thou hadst been just we would be in hell." They are not in hell, therefore, in view of their accusation, he is not just. Thus, they ungratefully deny or despise their presnet existence in favorable circumstances; and blaspheme—unwittingly, indeed, but, nevertheless, positively—the nature and perfections of the Being they so ignorantly worship. We may present it thus:

God is either just or unjust. If just, and they are not in hell, it would be unjust for them to be there. If unjust, in not sending them to bottomless perdition, how can they address him as God at all? Is injustice God?

But I know that the more enlightened will demur by saying, "It is his mercy that keeps us out of hell, and, therefore, we worship its inexhaustible measures." Is, then, we would ask, his mercy opposed to his justice, and is he a God of contradictions or antagonisms, instead of harmony? And if his mercy keep you out of hell now, and it is exhaustless, will it not for ever keep you out upon the same principle?—Would not exhaustless mercy be exhausted the very moment you fell into an endlessly hopeless condition; and would it not be endlessly exhausted?

"But the union of mercy exhaustless and justice inflexible," continues our devotee, "is a mystery beyond our reason." Truly, upon this hypothesis, it is, and beneath it also—an absurdity, than which there is no gaeter in all the stupid idolitary of the heathen world. And no wonder society groans under it, and its famalies separate to hate and destroy where they should love and help forward each budding capacity for thought and aspiration.

"But Christ paid the debt to Divine Justice, when, in the mercy of God, he received the punishment due to such sinners as by faith lay hold of him as God's expiating sacrifice," continues our objector. And did God, we ask, pour out an endless punishment on the guiltless head of Jesus? This is not contended, for he has ceased to suffer, and entered into ineffable and uninterrupted joy. In this view, then, how stands the case?

If justice required endless punishment for sin, and Jesus became the substitute for the sinner, unless he suffer endlessly, the demands of justice are not satisfied, and its ends are defeated. If justice did not demand endless punishment for sin, then there is an end of the argument.

Again: where is the justice in punishing the innocent for the guilty? Who would call that justice which puts me to a tortuous death for the murder you have committed? That there is a love that would lay down its life for you, provided for in the ties that bind man to his fellow, his brother and the misguided child of an Eternal Father, no one denies. That there is a joy ineffable held out to such a love, both the life, death and present glory of Jesus, clearly disclose. But that justice punishes the innocent, is as revolting to every feature of that life and death as it is to the honest judgment of every rational mind. Where is the justice, we would ask, that would condemn the innocent for the guilty? And where is the mercy that could doom to endless, hopeless and objectless punishment the guilty creature it has formed?

But let us look again at the position in which this theory of punishment places Jesus Christ. It assumes that he was God, and therefore, just. He voluntarily chose death, "even death on the cross." He must, therefore, have suffered a just reward for his innocent and holy life; for he could not, as God, have chosen an unjust one. In this view he brought to his own door what immutable justice required of the race. Upon the hypothesis, that the sin of man deserved eternal punishment, he made a mistake when he supposed a brief life of suffering and a violent death of shame were endlets, and, therefore, was not God; or he deserved the horrible fate awarded him, and in this view, could not have been the God that never errs. Such are the absurdities, not to say blasphemies, into which we are precipitated, whenever we start with the horrible idea that justice requires relentless punishment for the acts of an imperfect and frail mortality. And I wonder not that the best men who inherit the idea, live in the bondage of doubt and fear all their days, as the prayer referred to and so generally repeated, indicates.

It is a tale a thousand times told, and as often refuted wherever man has candor enough to be free. It darkens the universe, because it obscures the perfections and purposes of its God. It leads to views dark, cold and desolating. Dark as midnight, without a star of hope; horrible as the hiss and roar of hideous monsters; cold as the frosts of Iceland, withering every flower of natural affection and hope; desolating as the lava of a burning mountain, or its own fabled hell, covering field and home with its consuming flood. It is of the earth and flesh, and not of the mind and God, and wisely ignores reason, God's brightest gift, whenever it makes its solmn asseverations.

But, it may be demanded, "what view would you substitute in its stead?" We as readly and confidently answer: the view of ETERNAL PROGRESSION. Even the past ages give shadowy indications of the beauty and harmony of this doctrine. But the investigations of science and the disclosures of modern inspiration clearly announce and demonstrate it as the law of God in humanity. Pure mathematics teaches that two lines may ever approach and yet never come in contact. Only a certain part of the distance is, at each step, overcome. So progress is eternal. It reaches forward in the line of the Infinite, and at its every step, finds that line still in advance. God alone is infinite—God alone is perfect. Of infinity or perfection we can form no just conception. But we do form a conception of God, and as we rise above our own conception, we find the law of progress, and mark its steps in the history of the race.

Once the God of our fathers was supposed to be passionate, revengeful, partial and unforgiving, and his worshippers were only two fitting representatives of such an idea. But now, we do not conceive that even a good man will allow revenge or hate to mar the peaceful flow of his elevated nature. And when we know that there is in heaven more holy, elevated, Godlike beings, than the noblest and purest of all upon earth, and still, no one of these is God, in the absolute sense of the word;—nay, that an All-wise, All-good, All-powerful Being, is as much beyond their conception as infinity is above all that is finite, we are lost in wonder, and should bow down in adoration at the apprehension—for comprehension is impossible—of a God who is all and yet above all.

Now we ask, can a being, more loving than the most loving woman or angel; more powerful than the most powerful prince or potentate, visible or invisible; more wise than the wisest of the seraphic hosts—can such a being create or permit a state of circumstances that must end in failure, and such a failure as unending punishment, eternal agony? That he would either permit or create—for on either hypothesis the reasoning is the same—the being that partakes of his own divinity, to lift an unavailing cry for pity and help in any condition in which he may be found? Let the consciences and souls he has given you answer, and know that by that answer you are already judged.—Aye, and if you answer that he can—if you thus conceive of your God—you will continue to fear as you continue to make the imaginary horror, and thus more nearly realize such a hell, than is possible to any healthy condition of your mind. And as the reality does not exist, so you make to yourself a God, an idol, an absurdity, which deadens your soul, darkens your life, heathenizes your death, and, but for the goodness and power of the only and true God, so true as not to be changed by your madness and folly, you would make your hell of flaming ruin, and yourself, within it, a roaring Devil. And we may know that the continuance of a judgment so perverse, so inhuman, makes the hideous Devils of fleshly form and Spiritual association, both on earth and the sphere into which such ideas, wilfully chosen, must attract their unhappy promoters—for, perchance, nothing but some semblance of horrors so unnatural, can correct a hallucination so Godless.

There is no such word as fail in God. We have not yet arisen to the thought of a perfect Diety, so long as we regard anything in his government as a failure. Men fail; but their failures are of time and sense. When they secure the idea and not the mere words of Eternity, and Spirit, they drop the word fail from their vocabulary, and say, adoringly, "with God all things are possible."

We insist upon it, then, in the most solemn exercise of every power of our souls, and in view of all that is claimed by what is called a regenerative experience, that this view of endless cursing, assails alike the justice and the mercy of God. It supposes that a Being of infinite wisdom, cannot reconcile his own attributes, save in the sacrifice of himself to himself for the creatures who by sin become a part of the Devil, the antagonist to himself, or the opposition deity. That this sacrafice is ineffectual, as it will not prevent a suffering of unheard of and inconceivable torment to what is, to us, a large portion of our fellow creatures. Yes, it has been well said from the Spiritual world, "that this opposition of God's attributes is to establish, or supposed to be so established, that the very beasts would blush, could the enormity of their superior's error become apparent to them. No beast would conceive of the existence of such a monster; no government would allow the infliction of such suffering and cruelty upon a beast. It is a doctrine born in sin, in pride, in priestcraft. It is a doctrine of Devils, which, as I have explained, are men acting in their own wills, who have thus made themselves as God, by assuming to have power to save from hell, and condemn their enemies or opponents, or even all who are not their friends or obedient servants, to this cruel faith. Of all abominations that ever existed, in high places or low ones, in the church or the camp, this is the most derogatory to God's character with men, and the most fatal in its resuls upon the actions and chrracters of men. It gives them an example of heartless cruelty; a false conception of their best Friend, and induces them to fear Him whom they ought especially to love. Let us say to all such doctrine, *anathama*, and to all its supporters, *maranatha*—that is, 'let it be condemned and seperated from us."

It is the foulest aspersion of God and man possible to the perversion of the human mind; for it makes the one a fiend, the other a Devil; and the end of creation a hopeless failure and blasphemy.

But take the view of a perfect God, of an imperfect but progressive man; limited by disease by sorrow, by death, in his descent, but unlimited in his ascent; and this view, distinctly recognized, will ever secure trust and adoration in the sovereignty, supreme and eternal, of the Divine government; and hope, joyous and strong, in the prospects of all our human brethern. It sees that government, universal in extent and irresistible in power, everlasting in duration, and inconceivable in glory. In a word, it beholds God above all, and therefore seeks and worships; it experiences him in all, and therefore enjoys and works. The God idea, as the idea of harmony, is the religious sentiment, and anything short of it, either in you or me, is superstition.

But I will be told that such views will lead to depredations upon the established order of society; make insecure the rights of property, and lead to an equality that would destroy much that is great and grand in human achievement. Upon this objection let me speak freely. If this is the highest motive you possess to the love of God and the hope of religion, I should not be your chosen preacher. If you contribute to the support of this pulpit because you believe it will best tend to preserve the love of wealth and fictitious rank, and hold back your human brethern from all effort to advance themselves, lest they be supposed to trespass upon you, you had better withhold your contributions. Be undeceived. No injustice can stand before the views we advocate. They will search all assumption, and trespass upon human hopes, as with a lighted candle.—They are assuming, in their clear and daily increasing evidences, such form and power with us, that we would be judged by them in our every motive, interest and hope. We feel that we know that the idea of endless torture, and the absurdity of infinite guilt, incurred from Adam, upon which it is predicated, is the greatest curse society groans under. That it fathers and fosters all its hatred, unnatural cruelty, brutal selfishness, and ceaseless strifes. Hence we are against it, and wish to be so understood. Upon the altar of truth and humanity, we have voluntarily, and, as you know, amid all sorts of dissuasion and opposition, laid down whatever of capacity we may possess; and though frail and feeble as the feeblest, we shall never, with God's help, surrender any truth or hope for man we have gained. I know that man will live forever, and will forever live in a condition that can be made more and more hopeful. I know this by every variety of evidence possible to the human mind; while the extent and weight of that evidence increases with my every loyal thought and accurate observation. I know there is hope for all, and hence, expect me to proclaim it. If you can bottle this hope in the moth-eaten and canker-covered bottles of old orthodoxy, do so—I shall not complain. If it breaks them, and the wine is spilled and lost from your grasp, blame me not. But I would advise you make the bottles subservient to the wine, and not the wine to the bottles.

In the knowledge of this hope, I feel consecrated to a glorious work—the work of carrying hope to all—even the most lowly. Not a mock hope, that trembles over the possibility of eternal wrong or ruin; but a real hope, that finds its echo in every good and honest heart, that will yet make the most bigoted and servile honest and good. I would carry it to the dark abodes of crime and infamy, and breathe it there, into the emaciated forms that linger as blights upon the holiest privileges of humanity. To every deserted son and helpless daughter of our race, I would speak it, and say—Arise from the shadows that have fallen on your soul; that have made dark and dismal your future; that have brought upon you the fear of a pitiless storm, where there is no shelter; that have destroyed your fondest hopes, and made even the world beyond a scene of overturning wrath; that have enveloped all you ever loved, and made them droop beneath the withering blasts of scorn and contempt: come arise; a calm, sweet, and holy hope, in a purifying life, is now held out from behind the gloomy clouds of your fears; bright faces are gathering, whose absence you have wept, in sadness and sorrow uncomforted, and which sometimes was mocked by the priest, who told you they were in hell—faces that have laid aside their worn-out frames, that agonized once in the fear of the fabled horrors of the future, shuddered and trembled upon the brink of God's greater world—these faces long to cross the threshold of your sorrowing and sinning hearts, to lift you from the doom of poverty and the bed of the outcast, to inspire you with purity and hope, and lead you forth, freed and childlike again, to love and serve the God who never deserted you, no matter what the ignorant and selfish have said in his name.

HOPE TO ALL! It is now the streamer of immortality, held up by angel hands, and waved o'er the hearts of the doomed and the damned, and above the gates of death; and our work is to point to it with one finger, while with the other we hold out the hand of a brother to the fallen. Its folds are receiving letters of gold, as it waves over the head of every humanitarian heart in this land, and the inscriptions will be read and seen of all. The smitten Israelite will find in it the healing of his brazen serpent; the wandering pilgrim will see it as the pillowy cloud of his defence; the risen child of suffering, everywhere, as the charriot of his ascension. I must point to it; and since I know death to be the gateway to higher and holier missions of duty and love, there is nought that man can do to me that can prevent my offering a hope to all. In vain you speak to me of endangered reputation; of cruel persecution and hatred; of relentless opposition, in a country where traditional inheritances are said to be so opposed to this sublime and glorious inspiration for all.

I love my country and my countrymen! I could almost kiss her soil of freedom when I feel her even measurably free. I love my family and my friends; I love my comfort in home and ordinary earthly defences against want and suffering. I love you, my audience, and my daily and nightly service of a people who often feel reproached in my only honor, that of being candid enough to risk all things for truth, is the proof before men and angels. But neither country, nor church, nor family, nor earthly ease, can buy this hope or barter for it with all the honorable and disonorable purses they carry. My country will yet rejoice in the hope borne to all, it long since declared free and equal. My church will yet love and honor the memory of those who have delivered it from narrow bigotry and separating strife. My family will say, he was of us, only with too much devotion, for we would have chained his soul, and caged him to inglorious ease and idleness. My friends, I have none now who would ask me to be false to the most blissful experience of my life. I never had any such. Some who thought themselves such, were driven away, like sunny birds, by the first hoarse voice of the storm God enabled us to weather. My love still goeth after them, and would save them from the evils they cannot avert; it would acknowledge every wrong done them, and still offer them their only, however much despised, hope.

But I know that some of my friends will say, it is truth, and we rejoice in its spread among other communities, but it will not do for ours. In the name of humanity, I would ask, what will do for yours? Do we think truth a good thing only for our neighbors? Are we like some of the rotten dynasties of Europe, that prohibit parts of the same book that exposes their aristocratic beauty without its paint, and their crowned heads without the wig; but allow the reading of those parts that do this ungracious work for their neighbors? Alas! too often have we heard religionists of large boast, who take great delight in denouncing the sects, when light exposes their own sectarianism more narrow, more conceited, more revengeful than any this country has seen for a hundred years, cry out, "It will do for others, but not for us!"

No, I know that of yourselves you would not ask me to be false to the humanitarian and angelic evidences of hope to the lost, now breaking over all this land; but you sometimes fear for me, when you see that all is risked upon its truth. Beloved and devoted brothers, all, fear not! For "from Alpine height to valley low; from orient morn to meridian day," in all your Father's works, you may behold the genial evidences that now propitiate—not God, for he needs no propitiation, being ever our loving and gracious Friend!—not a raging demon ready to devour our best aspirations and gloat over our helpless ruin—for such a God is the fable of a diseased imagination or the misconception of the negative principle in nature, the world had not light enough to understand—but, that now propitiate our kind, and fill up the measure of privilege and duty allotted to our care. Let us stand no longer idle amid the unmeasured evidences of our day, for they call for an expression of "hope that can alone ally us to the near and dear associations in and out of form, that bind the common brotherhood of man." They present no mystic law to chain the soul and dispose of the highest right we bear to our unconscious end.—They assure us that naturally or internally man is pure, and find the sad lesson of his impurity and vicious desolation, in the misdirection of his otherwise noble and God-like nature.

These misdirections call for pity, and its founts everlasting are ever open, waiting for the channel of human hearts to allow it to flow for the healing and relief of the down-trodden, the out-cast and the forlorn. Come, let us be human beings—humane beings, and conserve something beside what tends, as we vainly suppose, to benefit self. Let us feel daily the promtings of a divine law within us, and behold man as God's child, to be bereft of the maranathas of sainted sycophancy. Let the idea of deformity and horror upon which is built the selfishness, sectarianism, and deception of the world, sink to its nether pits of scathing fury or wonted forgetfulness. Let us look above the clouds of selfishness that gather o'er and see again the tender care and watchful providence that now calls, as from heaven, that we may recognize that ascension of our hope that shall speak the meridian of our joy, encircling all in one everlasting and everlastingly happy fold.

African ideas of Death.

Death, the much-dreaded enemy of our race, is looked upon with horror by the heathen of Africa. "Through fear of death," they are, in the language of the Apostles, "all their life-time subject to bondage."

Though they believe in a future state of existence, and have no fear of a coming judgment, they look forward with the greatest horror to the termination of their earthly existence. All through life their greatest anxiety is to protect themselves against the machinations of witchcraft, which they believe to be the cause of most of the deaths which occur. To ward off the deadly influence of witches, they surround themselves with gree-gress and charms. They studiously avoid traveling at night, when these dreaded foes are supposed to be abroad; and they endeavor, also to keep, as much as possible, out of sight of persons with whom they may have quarreled, believing they will try to revenge themselves by witchcraft. So great is their dread of making enemies, that they will give away a portion of their earnings to any who may chance to beg them; fearing, if refused, they will, to use their own language, "make witch for them."

When any one becomes very sick, he immediately imagines that some witch has power over him, and in order to get away from its influence, leaves home and secretes himself in the house of a friend until he recovers.

When death visits a family, the air resounds with the lamentations of the survivors. If he be a man of wealth, a great display is made of his treasures, and large quantities of powder are consumed in his funeral honors; the rum bottle passes freely around; speeches are made to the departed one, and messages are sent by him to his friends in the spirit-world; the drum is beat, dances and mock battles are performed around the body, and all present seem possessed of a spirit of recklessness and defiance.

After the last honors are paid to the corpse, they proceed to find the enemy who has caused the death. Soon suspicion rests upon some unfortunate individual; a devil-doctor is consulted, and the poor wretch is forced to pass through the dreadful ordeal of sassa wood, at the imminent risk of his life. One death is commonly the signal for another.—*Colonization Journal.*

WOMAN'S TRUE BEAUTY.—It is a low and degrading idea of that sex which was created to refine the joys and soften the cares of humanity, by the most agreeable participation, to consider them merely as objects of sight. This is abridging them of their natural extent of power, to put them upon a level with their pictures. How much nobler is the contemplation of beauty heightened by virtue and commanding our esteem and love, while it draws our observation! . . . Colors artfully spread upon canvas may entertain the eye but not the heart; and she who takes no care to add to the natural graces of her person any excelling qualities, may be now allowed still to amuse, as a picture, but not to triumph as a beauty. When Adam is introduced by Milton, describing Eve in Paradise, and relating to the Angel the impression he felt upon seeing her at first creation, he does not represent her like a Grecian Venus, by her shape or features but by the lustre of her mind, which shone in them, and gave them their power of charming:

"Grace was in all her steps, heav'n in her eye,
In all her gestures dignity and love."

Age of Progress.

STEPHEN ALBRO, Editor.

BUFFALO, SEPTEMBER 22, 1855.

Our next Volume.

One number more will complete the first volume of *The Age of Progress.* When that number shall have been issued, we shall have accomplished all that we ever promised to our patrons. In regard to continuing the publication of the paper, we promised, at first, that we would continue it six months. This we accomplished; and then we promised to continue it to the end of the year. This we may say we have also accomplished, for we lack but one number, and that we are at work at whilst our city readers are perusing this article. We made some other promises, among which was one, engaging to conduct the paper according to our best abilities. This engagement we have exceeded, having conducted it, much of the time, beyond our abilities; for we have had immortal aid, which far trancended us in philosophical knowledge, sublimity of thought, and didactic capability. How well we have pleased our readers, let them tell. We have, sometimes, succeeded in pleasing ourself, and have generally slept undisturbed by conscience.

As respects the success of our enterprize, in a business, or pecuniary point of view, we have done as well as we had any right to expect, under the circumstances. We expected the publication of a paper of this character to be an up-hill business; and we have not been disappointed. We expected to meet the opposition of all those classes of the community whose vices and whose errors we have warred against, and whose interests would suffer by the success of the philosophy which we intended to teach; and we have not been disappointed. We expected to find the press, secular and religious, and the clergy and their close adherents, doing their utmost to crush any and every vehicle of thought which should dare attempt to break the fetters which religious tyranny had rivited upon the limbs of intellectually and spiritually enslaved millions; and we have not been disappointed. We expected, under all these circumstances, not only to receive no pecuniary compensation for our year's labor, but to sink what little means we had at our command; and we have not been disappointed. We expected to find some friends who would occasionally speak a word of encouragement to us, and even throw us a chip or a stone to set the one foot on whilst we pulled the other out of the mire; and we have not been disappointed. Finally, we expected that, when we had done all in our power to establish such an organ as ministering angels require as mundane means to aid them in their mission of love and mercy, and our own strength proved inadequate, they would stimulate others to come to our assistance; and we have not been disappointed. So much for the year which we are now closing. Now for the second volume.

We commenced the first volume without a subscriber, hoping that the moral principles and religious truths which we intended to advocate and inculcate, would find a lodgment and an affirmative response in every soul which hungered for truth and righteousness, and which was not harnessed to the car of religious bigotry and intolerance. In this we calculated too largely, for, though we found many such ones, we found but a small proportion of them who had the moral bravery to push away the chalace of doctrinal poison which was continually pressed to their lips by the sectarian clergy and their drilled forces, and to assert their right to choose their own spiritual meat and drink. Indeed, many of those who fellowshipped the morality and religion which the paper advocated, had husbands or wives whose consciences were in clerical keeping, and who were charged not to allow it to come into their houses, lest it should make maniacs of their partners and spoil their children for all the purposes of licensed and salaried creed mongers and faith tinkers. Hence it was that, when we commenced the publication of this paper, there were scarcely a dozen men and women, in this city, who had courage to face the world and say: *I am a spiritualist.* Under these circumstances, no one can wonder that, although the cause has progressed continually, and the paper has gradually grown into favor, it has absorbed what there was of our fiscal vitality, without yet reaching the paying point. In this position, we stood like those who travelled forty years in the wilderness, and got in sight of the promised land, but could not quite reach it.

As we have intimated above, when we reached this point, our supernal guardians stimulated untrammelled minds to come to our relief, and they came. Do we see the scorning lip of black-robed bigotry curl, and hear the mocking voice of shallow-brained skepticism rail, at this declaration? If we do, we care not, for we know that what we say is true. We know that we were promised this aid, when in our darkest moments; and although, for want of full faith, we kept it to ourselves, we relied on it so confidently that it made us easy. Perceiving that we could not carry the paper further than to the close of the present volume, with our own strength, although our patronage increased continually, we called a few friends together, stated the case to them, and submitted the question to their arbitration, whether we should or should not let the paper go down at the end of the year. If there was one affirmative voice, there was but one. All the others were unanimous in favor of making the publication perpetual; and they immediately took measures accordingly. A company of men, with liberal minds, if not with very plethoric purses, was organized, to take the paper and publish it under the State Manufacturing Law. They have contributed ample means to put it on a permanent foundation and fortify it agaist all contingencies. Hence the indefinite continuance of its publication, whether this hand or another wield the pen editorial, is a fixed fact; and no enemy may hope to live long enough to see the end of it.

It has been decided that the paper, for the second volume, shall be enlarged one inch by two, and printed in octavo form. This will make it, when bound, a convenient center-table volume. The subscription price will be continued the same as it now is; and the publishers will rely on the increase of patronage to meet the increased expenses. We think they will not be disappointed.

A Humiliating Comparison.

It is truly humiliating to the people of the free States, when, in their minds, they draw a comparison between some of their own politicians and some of those in the slave-holding states. For instance, take Franklin Pierce, of New Hampshire, and Stephen A. Douglas of Illinois, and compare them with Col. Theodore G. Hunt, of Louisiana, and see how the two free-state advocates of legislative piarcy and slavery extension, will dwmdle into the smallest specimens of contemptibility. Col. Hunt was actuated by principles of honor, justice and patriotism, when he opposed the repeal of the Missouri Compromise. Had not principle governed his mind, interest and sectional feeling might have prompted him to support the measure; but principle predominated, and he opposed it with all his power. The other two whom we have named, and the other free-state traitors who acted with them, could not have had any other incentive to favor it than bribery, either direct or indirect. See, below, what the New Orleans *Bee* says in justification of the course of Col. Hunt, and then reflect what a rebuke of the two traitors above named, is contained in those remarks:

Col. Hunt's opposition to the Kansas-Nebraska bill was based on the soundest and most patriotic motives. He had seen and experienced the immense benefit conferred upon the country by the adoption of the Missouri Compromise. It had silenced the intemperate outcries of faction, quieted agitation, and restored calmness and tranquility to the country. It had been accepted by both North and South, as a compact, whereby something was yielded by the two sections for the sake of restoring peace to a distracted Congress, and repose to a deeply agitated and violently irritated community. It was a settlement of the slavery question, was received as such, and operated as such for a quarter of a century, respected and faithfully observed by both sections.

When, therefore, a Northern demagogue, with a view of catering for popularity in the South, proposed to strike out the Missouri Compromise from the Nebraska bill, a large number of able, honest and patriotic members refused to acquiesce in a project which, with good reason, was deemed fatal to the peace and harmony of the Union. They thought, and the result proves how truly, that the repeal of the Compromise would reopen the flood gates of agitation, add vigor and energy to the cause of Abolition, engender violent sectional hostilities, and tend to create geographical parties. They believed that a question of abstract right should not be violently pressed in the face of paramount considerations dear to every friend of the Union. Some of those Southern members who reasoned thus, yielded finally to executive blandishments, and sustained the bill. Others acted with consistent manliness, and opposed it to the last. Among the latter was Theodore G. Hunt, and instead of meriting reproach, he is entitled to the grateful remembrance of his constituents for his bold, upright and independent conduct. Had the repeal of the Missouri Compromise failed, we should not now behold the grisly phantom of disunion looming in the distance.

An Example worthy of Imitation.

Those who know us most intimately, we think, will be most ready to believe our assertion, when we say that we have no vanity to gratify, and not much propensity to egotism. If we had these qualities in superabundance, we might publish more complimentary notices than our friends, who regard modesty as a virtue, would like to find in our colums. Having just opened a letter in which we find compliments both commendatory and substantial, we have a mind to publish it by way of acknowledgement, and as an example to others—not to praise us; for this, to be acceptable, must come unprompted—but to do likewise as regards the substantial aid, which is the vitality of our enterprize. If all our friends would do as these three gentlemen have done, our whole mind might be exercised in the cause for which we labor, instead of being divided between duty and care. Now that we are about to incur the additional expense of enlarging and remodeling our paper, such renewals of subscriptions come like meat administered to the hungry in due season. Reader, whoever you are, if you are a patron of ours, read and do likewise, if you have not already done so:

Rochester Sep. 17th, 55.

S. Albro, Esq.

Dear Sir: On opening the *Age of Progress* I perceive the numerals Vol. 1 No. 50, which I take as a sufficient hint that it is about time to renew the subscription; hence I forward six dollars for a yearly renewal of subscribers names, as below.

Allow me, in this connection, to say that each one whose name I send, is highly gratified with the course you adopt, and the talent you display in your efforts to render the *Age* an effective instrument for the furtherance of those principles which are eminently calculated to promote "peace on earth and good will to men."

That your efforts may be rewarded with an abundant success, is the will of

Yours truly,
J. Bower.

Lewis Kirtland.
James Cavan.

☞ Whenever you find yourself in company with a man who is constantly asking you to treat, the best thing you can do is to retreat.

Self Examination.

Am I not a Good man? Am I not a Good woman? Those questions are asked by the querists, looking into their own interiors, and hoping to find an affirmative response there.—The first says to himself, in anticipation of the response which he desires: I have broken myself of the habit of intemperate drinking. I have ceased the use of profane language. I do not now insult and abuse people, as I used to do. I give full weight and measure now, and never pass a bad bill upon an ignorant person, excusing myself, as I used to do, by the plea that I was deceived by it and was only indemnifying myself. I pay every man and woman that labors for me, the full amount agreed on. I am strictly regardful of veracity, and never utter a slander against any one. In fine, I live up to all the requirements of law and justice, with the strictest punctiliousness. Am I, then, not a good man?

She, in her self eximation, solloquises much in the same way. I attend, says she, to all my domestic affairs, neglecting no household duty whatever. I have proved that James should have made exceptions when he said:

"The tongue can no man tame: it is an unruly evil, full of deadly poison." This—unless he intended to discriminate between the sexes, when he said no *man*—was an error, for I have so tamed my tongue that I have caused it to cease tattling and making mischief between friends. I restrain it from quarrellig with my neighbors. I no more allow it to break friendship between myself and my husband, by belching out angrily at him on every trivial occasion. I do not, now, abuse my servant girl with it, if she happen to make a misstep and break a tea-cup, or if she open the kitchen door and put her head out to get a mouthful of fresh air, or to exchange a few words with one of her own class, with whom she has affinity of feeling. I restrain my angry passions before my children, and rather shut my eyes than to allow them to look daggers at any member of the family, who may, inadvertantly, utter some sentiment or word displeasing to me, or leave a pair of boots to dry behind the sitting-room stove, instead of carrying them into the kitchen. I no longer turn up my nose, aristocratically, at those who cannot afford to dress as well as I and my daughters do, nor pine because other women can have their houses furnished more expensively than I can. I cannot, now, be lured by the blandishments of libertinism, from my fidelity to the promise I made at the hymenial altar. Finally, I think I have succeeded in divesting myself of all the demoniacal and unlovely traits of my former character. Am I, then, not a good woman?

Taking both these soliloquisors together, we must say that, if they have done what they say they have—and since they were talking to themselves, there can be little doubt of it—they have done well; they have done nobly; they have done admirably. But we beg to call their attention to what it is that they have done.—They have, in all this, only divested themselves of traits of character which they never should have possessed. They have only cleansed their floors from the filth which they deposited upon them. They have only freed themselve from positively bad qualities, leaving themselves in merely negative conditions. They are monumental slabs, from whose surfaces the sculptor has chiselled false inscriptions, and made them ready to receive the true ones. They are now blank sheets, ready to have the truth written upon them; but, as yet, they contain nothing, either true or false. All they have done is to cast out their own devils; a work rendered necessary by the folly of taking them in. This leaves them even with themselves and the world, with the exception of the actual evil which they have brought upon themselves and society, by the follies of which they should not have been guilty. How, then, can they claim to be good?

Goodness is a quality of the human soul which can only be made manifest by actions. The mere abstaining from practising the vices is no evidence of goodness. Selfishness, which is reckoned among the vices, will counsel such abstinence. Avarice itself would forbid infringements of the criminal code. Before a well balanced mind and a truly acting conscience can pronounce their possessor to be good, he must embrace every opportunity to do good to his fellow man, within the limit of his means and his abilitities. This is active goodness; and no other goodness is good for anything. But let not the man or woman who possesses means to administer to the wants of suffering humanity, think to buy a character for goodness, by mechanically doing deeds of munificence. As well might they offer to purchase a comfortable situation in heaven. The heart—the soul, must go with the alms, or it will avail nothing to the donor. He who does good deeds merely for the purpose of laying up treasure in heaven, should keep day-book and leger with the celestial administration, in order to carry out the principle. Heart-felt sympathy for human sufferings and human fallacies, should ever precede acts of munificence. "Here, thou filthy harlot, take this and keep out of my sight," is the language of flinty-hearted, haughty-souled self-righteousness. Munificence thus bestowed, evinces no goodness. It lays up no treasure in heaven. "Neither do I condem thee; go and sin no more," is the language of sympathy, of love, of goodness. It is a better cordial to the sickly soul than handfulls of gold, accompanied with words of scorning reproach.

☞ A Spiritual Pic Nic.—It is proposed by our friends, to have an excursion to Niagara Falls, and a pic nic on Goat Island, on Saturday the 29th inst. If the proposition find favor with those who will assemble at the hall, to morrow, it will be announced in the daily papers.

For the Age of Progress.

"And though all the winds of doctrine were let loose to play upon the earth, so Truth be in the field, we do injuriously to misdoubt her strength. Let her and Falsehood grapple!—Whoever knew Truth put to the worse, in a *free* and *open* encounter?"—*Milton.*

Sir: The very doleful and bordering-on-despair strains with which your correspondent, "Inquirer" commences his last, and to all appearance, concluding epistle, leads us to suppose that he has made a very unsuccessful, and consequently, as is usual in such cases, discouraging debut as a seeker for spiritual light.

At the risk of causing you and your numerous readers "sundry and divers sleepless nights and restless dreams," I venture to submit it again for your inspection and consideration, for sure I am, that it fails to reach that chord, said to be a universal companion of all bipeds, frequently spoken of by metaphysicians, but never yet discovered by anatomists—I mean the sympathetic chord, sure I am, I say, that if your correspondent's sorrowful but emphatic announcement fails to reach that chord, you never can have any sympathy for a fellow creature in distress.

I dont know that you will, but if you should require light on this matter, please state in your next what kind of light will answer your purpose. Now, sir, do but observe the intense agony, the bitter disappointment, the hopeless condition, and the fearful struggles of the man as he rushes to the encounter, tremblingly immerses his pen, and thus lays bare his trouble:

"Sir, your last essay is at hand, and I regret that you still offer me controversy, instead of proof and then" (Recollect, sir, the quality of mercy is not strained and, droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven. Shakspeare says so) "*leave me without a single glimpse of light* upon the sole subject of *my* inquiries,"

If this is your method of dealing with all *simple* inquirers, actuated only with a desire to obtain light upon one single subject, pray what would your treatment be towards a compound inquirer who had the effrontery to ask for light on two? Pretty severe I guess, for our brother *in* darkness pathetically tells us, that you was not satisfied with merely leaving him without a single glimpse of light—oh, no, that did not satisfy you—but when in the dreariness of his solitude he ventures to ask for some occular demonstration—some proof, by which he could positively satisfy himself as to his whereabouts, you have the coolness to tell him to open his eyes!

Merciful heavens! when will the human heart be softened? Are you not aware, sir, of the many difficulties attending this operation, simple though it doth appear? My dear sir, you must be forgetting both the age and generation in which you live. Look again, sir, at the dangers likely to befall those who submit to *have* the operation performed. Again, you can not be ignorant of the fact, that myriads of the genus homo tamely submit to be led by the nose, to "groan and sweat and grope about in traditional darkness in preference to performing the simple operatin of "opening their eyes" to the living, vigorous light whose life-giving and soul-inspiring rays are scattered far and wide oe'r mountain and valley, hill and vale, forest and prairie, sea and land.

Need we wonder, when we hear of mothers having to apply to their papillæ nauseating drugs in order to sicken and disgust the weanling before it can be induced to forego its infantile food, if children of a much larger growth, both the bearded and the beardless, cling with such tenacity to the playthings of their mental babyhood, satisfied to live in ignorance, imbecility and delusion, and absolutely refusing to exert the energy and independence which become their maturity? History attests, that opening one's eyes has, in all ages of the world, been attended with many difficulties; and we find the immortal Galileo complaining of the same thing; for in a letter he wrote to a friend of his, he distinctly says "I have offered the philosophers here the use of my Telescope, but they refuse to look through it."

We have abundance of evidence that these pseudo-philosophers were as loud in their clamor for light, demanded proof with as much vehemence, and manifested as much showy anxiety to obtain it, as your correspondent "Inquirer;" but they were already "full to the brim," with knowledge derived from sources by the wayside, as they came up from childhood, so that there could not be any thing in the nature of either "men or things" that was not embraced in their philosophy. Consequently, it would be derogatory to their dignity, and perhaps, dangerous to their philosophy, to accept an invitation on a matter of such small importance, and from such a contemptible person as this said Galileo. It was in vain to urge that he was the inventor of the telescope and the pendulum, for they "replied" if he had sagacity enough to accomplish that, he would probably employ the same material to decieve them, and to look through his glass to observe the motions of the planetary bodies was a work of as much condescension as it would be for "Inquier" to sit in my room to obtain Spirit communications. But, protests "Inquier" "In this matter I have been all the while a simple inquirer after truth, and that upon one—mark the simplicity and moderation of the man—single subject," and he seems to have a faint idea that you are the person whose duty it is to furnish him with the object of his search.

We have seen that when the truth-hunters of Galileo's day demanded proof, he imparted the same to the best of his ability, and when he saw them turn aside from his statements, he invited them to "come and look;" knowing, as he did full well, that the process of looking must have a tendency towards opening the eyes if not the understanding. Your mode of dealing, I find, is very similar to his, with simply this difference, you tell them to "go and look," for we find "Inquier" pursuing a journey, as he himself declares, in the direction in which I have been taught by you to seek it.

Big with hope, and armed with a commendable determination rarely found in any animal but a simple inquier, he pursues the even tenor of his way, industriously repeating his questions and demanding answers in reference to the sought-for object, resolved, no doubt that if he could only get fairly hold of it, he would put it right straight through and give it such a riddling as no other single subject had ever yet received.

Being "constantly told it existed," he went on, and on, and on, but the people to whom he addressed his inquiries seemed to have formed a shrewed guess as to the object he had in view, and thinking possibly that a second Daniel" really had come to judgement, they did not, it appears, take the trouble to give him any information beyond the fact "that they *knew.*"

Was this any proof? Did this look like reliable testimony? Did he call this evidence? What! was he to place any reliance in the statements of ten thousand sane and honest persons who assured the world that they knew what they had seen, felt and heard a thousand times, and under a thousand different circumstances? Do the manifestations themselves in act, afford him any evidence as to their origin? Suppose chemists do tell him that water is composed of two gases and say they are prepared to demonstrate it? Suppose astronomers do foretell the appearance of a comet, and it appears at the very moment, according to their prediction? Suppose it is an acknowledged fact that the rushing wind is simply air in motion? Suppose the immortal Newton did demonstrate the existence and universality of the law of gravitation? Suppose we are told that through the medium of the Telegraph a message can be transmitted a distance of ten thousand miles in a less period of time than as many seconds? Suppose we do see the sun shine at noon day? Is all this any evidence to men of such intellectual calibre as "Inquirer?"

Elbowing his way through his perplexity, he rushes to your sanctum when, oh horror! "You assumed that you *knew.*" And when he asked for proof you give him some theorizings which must have been very unsatisfactory food for a soul of such large expectations, and add these words: "These furnish testimony as clear and conclusive as the nature of the case admits of." Consoled with the idea that you have gone the length of your tether, he jumps to a "very-well" conclusion that you have done all you can to sustain your dogma, and *dogmatically* asserts he believes it to be a strange admixture of unexplained, but actual phenomena, and an interminable up-piling of theories thereon, and positively declares that if you repeat the process *he* "shall not again be led astray by your misapplication of language."

It is very common for some men, when they find it impossible to maintain the position they have assumed, to resort to artifice in order to escape the facts and arguments advanced by their opponent: hence "Inquirer" finding the ground giving way from under him, and seeing that he had arrived at that point where his position must be *defined* if not defended; beats an inglorious retreat and takes refuge where none but cowards enter. Besides, the aim and object of "Inquirer" is evident enough, for as soon as you insisted that he should state "what *kind* of evidence?" he required, he abandoned the discussion, he ceased to cavil, he was "used up." The facility with which you disposed of him was truly laughable: and I have no doubt but he would have been "dealing directly with you" for the next six months, if you had not adopted this easy method of bringing him to his stand point. The introduction of every new truth has ever met with multitudes of such opponents. I have met with many such. They have not sufficient candor to speak in its favor nor the moral courage to advance any thing against it, and belong to that class of persons so appropriately described by old fashioned Isaac Barrow, who says, "they are apt to converse but with one sort of men, to read but one sort of books, to come in hearing but of one sort of notions. The truth is, they canton out to themselves a little Goshen, in the intellectual world, where light shines; and the rest of the world they give up to night and darkness, and avoid coming near it. They confine themselves to some little creek, not venturing out into the great ocean of knowledge, to survey the riches that nature has stored other parts with, no less genuine, no less solid, no less useful, than what is to be found within their own little spot." From the remotest period of time down to the present day, truth has had to struggle hard to gain a footing; and the man who is bold enough to assert and defend it, is designated a quack, an imposter, a lunatic.

The Spiritual philosophy, more than any other modern truth, aims a deadly blow at priestly arrogance and vulgar intolerance. Hence it is rudely handled, sneered at and despised. Like all new truths, it came into the world quite friendless, and those who took it by the hand and helped it into life, had to encounter the greatest possible measure of impudent calumny and violent persecution. But to the consternation and dismay of its enemies, however, it came clothed with such striking and irresistible evidences of its reality and power, that when they rushed forth to deal it, as they hoped, a deadly blow, they were driven back bewildered and affrighted.

Seeing how impossible it is to impede its progress, they seek to tarnish its brightness; and though they lothly concede "there is something in it more than natural, if *philosophy* could but find it out," they contrive to cavil, carp, and censure; and the manner in which "Inquirer" and birds of a kindred feather are disposed to treat it, has been accurately described by Walter Savage Landor in his description of the critics' reception of a new book. "They rise slowly up to it, like carp in a pond, when food is thrown among them; some of which carp snatch suddenly at a morsel, and swallow it; others touch it gently with their barbe, pass deliberately by, and leave it; others wriggle and rub against it more disdainfully; others, in sober truth, know not what to make of it, swim round and round it, eye it on the sunny side, eye it on the shady side, approach it, question it, shoulder it, flap it with their tails, turn it over, look askance at it, take a pea-shell or a worm instead of it, and plunge again their contented heads into the comfortable mud."

Chrononhotonthologos.

The Rich and the Poor.

When I compare together different classes, as existing at this moment in the civilized world, I cannot think the difference between the rich and the poor, in regard to mere physical suffering, as great as is sometimes imagined. That some of the indigent among us die of scanty food, is undoubtedly true; but vastly more, in this community, die from eating too much than from eating too little; vastly more from excess than starvation. So, as to clothing; many shiver from want of defenses against the cold; but there is vastly more suffering among the rich from absurd and criminal modes of dress, which fashion has sanctioned, than among the poor from deficiency of raiment. Our daughters are oftener brought to the grave by their rich attire, than our beggars by their nakedness. So the poor are often overworked; but they suffer less than many among the rich, who have no work to do, no interesting object to fill up life, to satisfy the infinite cravings of man for action. According to our present modes of education, how many of our daughters are victims of ennui!—a misery unknown to the poor, and more intolerable than the weariness of excessive toil. The idle young man, spending the day in exhibiting his person in the streets, ought not to excite the envy of the overtasked poor; and this cumberer of the ground is found exclusively among the rich.—*Channing.*

How He Became a Millionnaire.

Mr. McDonough, the millionnaire of New Orleans, has engraved upon his tomb a series of maxims, which he had prescribed as the rules for his guidance through life, and to which his success in business is mainly attributable. They are so sound and contain so much practical wisdom, that we copy them:

"Rules for the Guidance of my life, 1804.—Remember always that labor is one of the conditions of our existence. Time is gold; throw not one minute away, but place each one to account. Do unto all men as you would be done by. Never put off till to-morrow what you can do to-day. Never bid another do what you can do yourself. Never covet what is not your own. Never think any matter so trifling as not to deserve notice. Never give out that which does not first come in. Never spend but to produce Let the greatest order regulate the transactions of your life. Study in your course of life to do the greatest amount of good."

"Deprive yourself of nothing necessary to your comfort, but live in an honorable simplicity and frugality. Labor, then, to the last moment of your existence. Pursue strictly the above rules, and the Divine blessing and riches of every kind will flow upon you to your heart's content; but, first of all, remember that the chief and great study of our life should be to tend, by all means in our power, to the honor and glory of our Divine Creator. John Mc Donough, New Orleans, March, 2, 1804. The conclusion to which I have arrived is, that without temperance, there is no health; without virtue no order; without religion no happiness; and that the aim of our being is to live wisely, soberly and righteously.

A Bit of Advice.—Have you enemies? Go straight on, and don't mind them. If they set in your way, walk round them, regardless of their spite. A man who has no enemies is seldom good for anything—he is made of that kind of material which is so easily worked that every one has a hand in it. A sterling character—one who thinks for himself, and speaks what he thinks, is always sure to have enemies. They are as necessary to him as fresh air; they keep him alive and active. A celebrated character, who was surrounded by enemies, used to remark: "They are sparks which, if you do not blow will go out themselves." Let this be your feeling, while endeavoring to live down the scandal of those who are bitter against you. If you stop to dispute, you do but as they desire, and open the way for more abuse. Let the poor fellow talk—there will be a reaction, if you perform but your duty, and hundreds who were once alienated from you, will flock to you and acknowledge their error.—*Selected.*

Too True.—As women are more affected by the prevalence of immorality than men, it is really strange that they do not frown down those vices of men which are so frequently fatal to their own tranquility. Many a female who would not refuse to dine with a profligate, would think herself foully insulted, were she invited to take tea with a courtesan; but the only difference between the two is, one wares pantaloons, and the other pantalets—the morale is the same.—*Woman's Advocate.*

☞ Anger is the most impotent passion that accompanies the mind of man. It effects nothing it goes about, and hurts the man who is possessed by it, more than any other against whom it is directed.—*Clarendon.*

The Age of Progress.

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY,
At No. 278 Main St., Kremlin Block, Buffalo, New York.

TERMS:

Two Dollars per annum, payable invariably in advance.

Single copies, five cents.

Terms of Advertising.—For one square of sixteen lines, one insertion, $1. For each additional insertion, 25 cents. For one year, $10.

Applications for Exchange.

We have many applications to exchange with publishers of political weeklies, and should be pleased to gratify them all, if it were not too much of a tax upon us to do so. And we hope those whose applications we are compelled to refuse, will not consider us disrespectful when we say that their papers would be of no kind of service to us. No matter how well or ably a weekly political paper is conducted; it can have nothing which would be of any service to us. Were ours a newspaper, in the true acceptation of the term, we might find, in the columns of weekly exchanges, now and then a highway robbery, murder, suicide, crim con case, or elopement, wherewithal to make our readers open their eyes and exclaim, horrible! or shame! But such is not the character of our sheet.

Again, if the conductors of such papers had sufficient moral courage to copy from us articles on the spiritual philosophy, we might thereby reach many minds which we cannot reach directly. But this characteristic of a free soul, none of those with whom we exchange, seem to possess. Hence they are totally useless to us. Why it is that they dare not let their readers see what is written on a subject of such vast importance to every individual of the human family, no one could imagine who had never witnessed the influence exerted upon the ordinary class of minds, by usurping administrators of a false, intolerant, tyrannical, oppressive and vengeful theology.

Our progenitors came hither from countries cursed with religious tyranny, ostensibly to establish, enjoy and forever defend unlimited religious toleration. But they brought with them in their own natures, the germ of bigotry and intolerance, which, the moment they became freed from the tyrannies by which they had been restrained, became active in their breasts and soon grew to such proportions that they became even more cruel than those from whose persecution they fled for refuge; and they went so far as to condemn to death and execute men and women for religious heresy. All along down from this early period in the history of our country, though what we are pleased to term the tree of liberty has grown and flourished, the tree of religious bigotry and vendictiveness has kept pace with it, and is now by far the more luxurient of the two. Whilst the thousand canker worms of corruption are continually eating into the vitals of the first, the second thrives all the better, the more pestiferous the moral atmosphere, and the more numerous the caterpiller races which it generates.

The press of this country is said to be free; but *is it free?* Look for the answer to this question in the very circumstance to which we have alluded above. See the most important subject that ever engrossed the human mind, passing apparently unobserved by the conductors of the public press, or noticed by them merely to prove to domineering conscience governors,how ready they are to condemn, denounce, malign and scout, at their bidding, any newly developed truth, science or principle in natural economy, however important it may be to the well being of the human race—however sacred it may be in the sight of God and his angels. This is the very worst of human slavery—the very depth of intellectual and spiritual degradation. The sable toiler in the cotton fields of the south, who dares not say the hands he toils with belong to himself, but who dares to think that he has a father in heaven who is not a cruel tyrant, like the one he serves with his hands, but a merciful, kind and loving parent, is greatly more a freeman than such conductors of the press as those of whom we speak. The words "Religeous Liberty" and "Freedom of Conscience," are but wind when spoken, and ink when written. They amount to nothing when the substance of which they are the reputed representatives, does not exist. With these slaves of the press, there are no such things as these words represent; and, therefore, in their case, they have no signification. They are not only slaves, but they are cowards, and dare not raise their hands to strike for liberty.

We would by no means cast reproach upon the christian clergy of the cuontry, as a class of men, knowing, as we do, that they embrace, among their numbers, men of as pure minds and spotless character as may be found in the whole human family. Nor would we do them the injustice to affirm of them that they do no good. On the contrary, we believe—we, in fact, know, that many of them have done great good in the propagation of moral sentiment and the promotion of all those cardinal virtues which constitute the elements of civilization. And we think we know that the religious errors which such ones have inbibed and taught, are not justly attributable to innate disinclination to embrace truth, when they know what it is and where to find it.

Notwithstanding that we hold these sentiments, we see, in the machinery by which clergymen are manufactured, an engine by which human intellect is warped and turned aside from its true and natural tendencies; by which souls are distorted, narrowed, soured and made incapable of receiving those impressions which alone can fit them to become propagators of truth and promotors of peace and harmony among men. We see that, by the working of this machinery, members of a profession are turned out, prepared and equipped to do battle in their own behalf, as a class, to sustain *the profession*, instead of battling on the side of truth, in behalf of deluded and debased humanity, against the hosts of error and wrong. We see hundreds and thousands, issuing forth continually, from those brooding establishments, yclept "Theological Seminaries," without the innate principle of spiritual harmony, or even moral righteousness, all panoplied in the armour of conservative thelogy; provided with ready made mouthfuls of Greek and Latin, to spirt into the faces of those opponents who use nothing but nature's simple logic and plain common sense; and ready for war, offensive and defensive.

Even among these we find, here and there, a mind so constituted by nature that its good qualities could not be corrupted and metamorphosed in the mill through which it passed; and these are among the choisest spirits of the age. But the great bulk of them are like armed beggars, going forth to ask alms as loans to the Lord, and to enforce compliance by anathemal denunciations.

Among all the impersonations of meddlesome impudence that the people of this country suffer themselves to be plagued with, no other class can compare with the young specimens of machine-made clergy, who go out to infest every country village and rural district in which levies can be made on sufficient numbers to support them. One of those dandies-in-black, located in a country village, considers himself cock-o'-the-walk in every department of society. He claims to be a free commoner, not only in every family circle and at every citizen's table, but in every lady's parlor, dressing room and boudoir. He insists on being the patern of literary taste; the umpire in all philosophical controversies, though his head be empty of every thing relating to the subject; and the sole dictator, dispenser and regulator of religious sentiment. He is the ready expositor of God's requirements of his human children, in all the vicissitudes and exigencies of life; and he can tell without a moment's reflection, what passages are to be construed as literal and what allegorical, throughout the whole bible. As a matter of course, if there be a newspaper published in the village where such a personage is allowed to regulate the tone of sentiment for all but the few who are encumbered with a superabundance of useless brains, he must have free access to the editor's sanctum; peruse his exchanges and select articles for republication, read his editorials and decide whether they favor heterodox sentiments or not, and place the ban of the church upon all original or selected matter which is supposed to militate against the religious sect of which he is a representative. All these things, such ones will do, if they are suffered to do them. Hence it is that those conductors of the public press who have no positive individuality—no determinate independence of character, have no freedom of thought, volition or action, but are slaves all over, inside and out.

Private Correspondence.

We take liberty with a private letter from our worthy friend and brother, William E. Lowell, (who writes us from his present residence—Kenosha, Wis.) to make an extract for our readers; it being of an interesting character:

"In Wahkegan, there is a spiritual development of an extraordinary character. A lady of high respectability, has been developed a medium for spiritual communications, which are given by writing, without visible agency or means, upon her arms and other parts of her person. The letters are distinct, having a red appearance, different from the color of the skin, and raised above it a sixteenth part of an inch. They remain till they are read and copied, when they disappear, and others succeed them, in the regular order of epistolary communication. Thus communications are received by persons from their spirit friends who never were known to the medium. And frequently she receives communications to persons whom she never before heard of, but who never fail to recognize the communicating spirits."

Now, we would ask, is this done by Mahan's *Odyle?* or is it done by another dough-headed philosopher's *reflex?* or shall we have to fall back upon the *knee-snapping* of the three Galens, who immortalized themselves and Buffalo, by the wonderful discovery made in embracing the knees of Mrs. Fish and her sister? We should like some of them to settle this question.

The Buffalo Harmonial Conference.

Unexpectedly to our Association, we had a lecturer sent us, last Sabbath, in the person of Rev. E. Sprague, formerly of the Methodist connection. His lectures were philosophic and able, and gave satisfaction, we believe, to most who heard them. Some complained that they were somewhat ultra in their denunciations of false theology; but no one, we believe, thought they exceeded the truth.

☞ We have received, from the author, a pamphlet, entitled, and containing, "Two Lectures on the Spiritual Manifestations, by Edward Giddings, of Lockport, N. Y." We think it would be well for all those who are organizing themselves into circles for receiving Spiritual communications and instructions, to avail themselves of the teachings contained in these lectures, as we deem them highly and essentially instructive.

☞ Let it be remembered that We are to have Rev. T. J. Smith, of South Edmiston, Herkimer Co., to lecture for us on Sunday, afternoon and evening.

Correspondence of the Age of Progress.

Rochester September 17th 1855.

Br. Albro:

Agreeably to an invitation, I visited our friends at Harbor Creek, and lectured at that place on the 19th and 26th of last month. These were the first lectures ever given in that town on the subject of spiritualism by any one favorable to the cause, except such as have been delivered by mediums who reside there, I was cordially received and very happily interested in the manifestations of spirits, who are able to control several persons to speak with great force and beauty. Among the number Mr. Bryant and Miss. Nancy Lawrence may be named as sufficiently developed to interest and instruct any congregation of Spiritualists whom I have met in my peregrinations. Although bred to a moral life and not having had the advantages of a scholastic education, they speak under spirit control with great ease and fluency, and pour forth a volume of argumentative philosophy which would do great honor to any professor of religion or morals, no matter from what institution such person may have graduated, or what station he may occupy.

The meetings were held at the private residence of Mr. Cowden, who has erected, at his own expense, a very large hall for the accommodation of our friends. At eleven o'clock, A. M. the services commenced by singing, in a beautiful peach grove near the house, which was found insufficient to contain the audience, after which I pronounced,by impression,a lecture to the people. This was followed by singing, and two or three other lectures from as many different persons. Mr. Bryant spoke with great effect, as did also Mr. Dewolf, whom I recognized as an old acquaintance in the ministry of Universalism. Mr. D. is a free man, and his soul seems to be kindled with the inspiration of angels. Between three and four o'clock, the congregation repaired to the hall, or to their homes for refreshment in material things.

At an early hour in the evening, the large hall was densely filled for a circle meeting. After various exercises of singing, speaking, and praying, as the spirits were pleased to move the mediums, a new phase of the manifestations occurred. About a dozen mediums became entranced, and were exercised to dance, not after the fashion of our popular assemblies, but singly and orderly for the period of half an hour or more. Subsequently they were controlled to speak in the Indian dialect. All this may seem to conflict with popular customs, yet I am told that such exercises have thus far been attented with the most salutary effect. In several cases diseased persons have been wholly cured, and in all cases the mediums have been more rapidly developed for their respective spheres of usefulness in the new dispensation. At eleven, the meeting was brought to a close, and the multitude went away. On the whole, it was the longest and happiest meeting I have ever enjoyed.

On the Sunday following, we met in the same place, and although the services were not so protracted as on the previous occassion, yet they were no less interesting. And besides, during the week intervening, we enjoyed the pleasure of meeting in circles with our friends, who have chosen that good part which shall not be taken from them. It is true, that they have not been ridiculed into the knowledge of Spiritualism, nor can they be ridiculed, out of it. I am happy to believe that we may reckon amongus in that town many of the purest and most cultivated of its people. In such hands, the cause of truth must prosper.

Returning as far as Laona, I called upon Dr. J. Carter, who seems to have all the business he can do as a Clairvoyant physician, without any time to make a great noise about it. We say more work and less brag. By request, I lectured in Laona twice, and at Fredonia in the evening. At the conclusion of the services several friends solicited me to stay and lecture for two months. A subscription was circulated, and in two days a sufficient sum was pledged to warrant an engagement for six months. In the mean time, two persons, Brs. Baldwin and Holmes, purchased for three hundred dollars the Christian meetinghouse, which cost about $3,000, and is now nearly as good as new. This sacrifice was submitted to because the original society had gone down.

I lectured again on the following Sunday, September 9th, but the rain prevented our usual attendance. On the first Sunday in October, I shall resume the labors begun in that place, and continue them probably through the coming winter. I expect to lecture during the interval in several neighborhoods and villages in that county. The old theological opinions of the sectarian churches appear to be unequal to the demands of the people, and I trust that a beneficent work, such as spiritualism proposes, will enlist the sympathies of the pure and good of all professions. Surely, the day is auspicious of glorious achievements, if all are true to themselves and the principles of the Harmonial Philosophy. And although scandal with her lying tougue may flow from the mouths of envy and discontent, it is to be hoped that a more congenial spirit will animate and govern every disciple of the new dispensation on earth.

Yours truly

C. Hammond.

The last Sunday in this month I shall lecture in the Universalist church at Alexander, Genesee Co. N. Y. by invitation of friends residing there, at the usual hours for church service.

C. H.

☞ You need not tell all the truth, unless to those who have a right to know it all. But let all you tell be truth.

Spiritual Communications by Spirit Writing.

It is now a generally conceded fact, among candid investigators of the spiritual phenomena, that spirits write messages to their friends on earth, without any farther help from mortal hands, than to furnish them with paper and pencils, or to place them where they can get them.

One evening, some two or three weeks since, we went, by invitation, with some friends from New York, to attend a circle at the house of Mr. Levi Short, in this city. The principal medium in attendance, was Mrs. Gay, of whom our readers have already heard, through our columns. We took with us a number of sheets of paper, such as few beside printers ever use. It was larger than foolscap size, of very fine texture, and without ruled lines. When the light was removed, a rustling was heard among the sheets of paper; and, on the light being brought in, it was discovered that a number of sheets had been taken away. No one having left the room or the table, it was evident—to us—that the spirits had taken them away; for they had been in the habit of doing so.

At a circle held at the house of the medium, Mrs. Gay, on Monday evening last, one of those abstracted sheets was returned, with the subjoined communication written on it. It will be seen that the communicating spirit gives his name; the name of his still surviving widow; the name of the State, county and town where she lives and where he died, and communicates the manner of his death, which, he says, was unknown to any of his surviving friends. We comply with the spirit's request to publish his communication, and shall send the paper, as directed. If the account turn out not to be true, it will only prove that the communicating spirit is like too many who have not yet left the flesh, more inclined to be communicative than to be veracious. No member of the circle ever knew anything about the place which the spirit describes as his residence when in the flesh; nor was either of them acquainted with any person of the name subscribed. The following is the communication.

My home in life, was among the mountains of old Vermont. I was a farmer, in the county of Rutland. I had been one day to gather blue-berries, on Sugar Hill. On my return, I was attacked by a large wolf. I fought as long as I could. I retained my consciousness till my limbs were one by one, torn from my body. At this time there were two wolves at work at me. After my spirit left the body, there were four fighting over the remains. A few weeks after, blood was found on the ground; so they thought I had been murdered. My poor distracted wife thought I had deserted her. We had a few unpleasant words the day I left. She is living yet, but very ill. I wish you to publish this, for I have friends that would like to know my fate. Publish it and send a paper to Caroline Darling, Wallingford, Rutland County, Vermont.

Peter Darling.

At the same time and place, another of the missing sheets was returned, with the following communication addressed to Mr. Levi Short, who is a member of the circle:

The fact that your present life is your only state of probation, should give vigor to effort and solemnity to duty. Death often steals, unawares, upon his victim, leaving no time for sigh or prayer. His office is to sunder the spirit from the clay; not to reform it or prepare it for heaven. He takes the soul as he finds it. It is life which seals the soul's credentials for the bliss or misery of the spirit life. You are accustomed to anticipate the ministry of death with fear. I say to you, fear life; for according to the character of that life, will death be to you either the king of terrors or the herald of unspeakable joy. Death hath no dread but what frail life imparts.

Robert Fulton.

The Hand.—Lavater told Goethe, that on a certain occasion when he held the velvet bag in church, as collector of the offerings, he tried to observe only the hands; and he satisfied himself that in every individual the shape of the hand and of the fingers, the action and sentiment in dropping the gift into the bag, were distinctly different and individually characteristic. There are hands of various characters; the hand to catch, and the hand to hold; the hand to clasp, and the hand to grasp; the hand that has worked, or could work, and the hand that has never done anything but hold itself out to be kissed, like that of Joanna of Aragon, in Raphael's picture.

The Greek Mind.—The mental culture of the Greeks was a finished education in the school of Nature. Of a beautiful and noble race, endowed with susceptible senses and a cheerful spirit, under a mild sky, they lived and bloomed in the full health of existence; and favored by a rare combination of circumstances accomplished all that the finite nature of man is capable of. The whole of their art and poetry is the expression of a consciousness of this harmony of all their faculties. They invented the poetry of joy.—*Schlegel.*

☞ When we are young, we are slavishly employed in procuring something whereby we may live comfortably when we grow old; and when we are old, we perceive it is too late to live as we proposed.—*Pope.*

☞ The money spent for liquor is not only wasted, but it wastes almost everything else. It is so much capital invested to destroy society.

☞ Insult not another for his want of a talent you possess; he may have others which you want.

☞ Bad-Looking Girls Wanted.—A gentleman at Elmira wishes to secure the services of a girl to do housework who isn't run after by more than ten men—who can be contented at home one evening in a month—who, when she is out, will come in before midnight through some other way than the window—who hasn't more than three families of friends and relatives to provide for—and who can get a meal of victuals without seasoning w rt, hair and feathers. Good looking girls needn't apply, and one over forty preferred.

A Lecturer Posed.—In a lecture at Portland, Me., Dr. Boynton, wishing to explain to a little girl the manner in which a lobster casts his shell, when he has outgrown it, said: —"What do you do when you have outgrown your clothes? You throw them aside don't you?" "Oh! no," replied the little one, "we let out the tucks!" The doctor confessed she had the advantage of him there.

Buffalo Weekly Price Current.

Flour, extra,	per bbl.	$9.00@9.50
" com. to good, West'n,	"	7.50@8.00
" per sack,		4.00@0.00
Buckwheat flour, per cwt		0.00
Indianmeal,	"	1.75
Pork, new $17.50	old,	$23@50
" prime,	"	20.00
Dressed hogs, per cwt		00.00
Fish, white,	"	9.50
" "	hlf "	4.75
" trout,	"	9.50
" "	hlf "	4.75
Salt, fine,	"	1.63
" coarse,	"	2.80
Eggs,	per doz.	14 @ 16
Butter,	per lb.	16 @ 20
Honey,	"	12½@ 15
Cheese,	"	7@10c.
Blackberries, dried,	"	18
Plums "	"	18½
Cherries, "	"	18½@25
Currants, "	"	6¼
Corn,	per bush.	85@ 87
Flax seed,	"	1.00@ 1.25
Clover "	"	6.50 a 0.00
Timothy,	"	3.50 @0.00
Oats,	"	55@ 60
Apples, dried,	"	2.00@2.25
" green,	"	52 @37½
Potatoes,	"	25 @37½
Onions,	"	62 @ 88
Dressed Chickens per lb		15c
" Turkeys " "		15c

The Age of Progress.

Law vs. Saw.

Sitting in his office was a lawyer—
Standing in the street was a sawyer;
On the lawyer's anxious face
You could read a knotty case,
Needing law;
While the sawyer, gaunt and grim,
On a rough and knotty limb,
Ran his saw.

Now the saw-horse seemed to me
Like a double X in fee,
And the saw,
Whichever way 'twas thrust,
Must be followed by the dust,
Like the law.

And the law upon the track,
Like the cilient on the rack,
Playing its part;
As the tempered teeth of steel
Made a wound that would not heal
Through the heart.

And each severed stick that fell,
In its falling seemed to tell
All too plain,
Of the many severed ties.
That in law suits will arise,
Bringing pain.

Then methought the sturdy paw,
That was using axe and saw
On the wood,
Had a yielding mine of wealth
With his honest toil and health,
Doing good.
If the chips that strewed the ground,
By some stricken, widow found
In her need,
Should by light and warmth impart
Blessings to her aged heart—
Happy deed!

This conclusion then I draw,
That no exercise of jaw,
Is as good,
As the exercise of paw,
Sawing wood.

Egyptian Hieroglyphics.

We take the following from Orrin Abbotts work, entitled:

"ADAM'S FALL REFUTED, BY EARTH'S ROCKY RECORD."

The hieroglyphical records of Egypt, written in Adam's day, have long been a sealed book, but ingenious men of the present age have searched out the dead language and characters in which those records were written, and they are now read like a printed volume. Those hieroglyphics show that the Egyptians, like the East Indians, were a very ancient people. In establishihg this, I shall quote largely from "Types of Mankid," because George R. Gliddon, an American consul, who dwelt twenty years in Egypt, and read those ancient hieroglyphical records extensively, and, therefore, must be good authority, is one of the authors of the book. He is sustained by many hierologists from other countries, upon that subject, and is, I think, undisputed.

In order to have the contrast between biblical and Egyptian history clear in the mind of the reader, let him still remember, that according to scripture reading and theological teaching, Adam, the first man, was made 4004 years before the Christian era, carrying him back 5859 years from the present date, and that, according to the same authority, the time of Noah's flood was 2348 years before Christ. In opposition, however, to biblical authority, Egyptian history, written upon stone, in Adam's day, shows that the Egyptians were then a powerful nation, and remained unharmed through Noah's drowning flood. The Septuagint, Josephus, and the Samaritan copy of the law, differing from our bible, and from each other, carry the creation of man and the flood some centuries farther back, but not far enough to claim any credit for truthfulness when arrayed by the side of Egyptian hieroglyphies. Gliddon says:

"Whilst the pyramids and tombs of the IVth Memphite dynasty in Egypt stand, about B. C. 3500, at the uppermost terminus of that lengthy monumental chain—the coils of which, within a range of twenty miles, may still be unwound from Mohammed Ali's mosque at Cairo, link by link, century by century, and stone by stone, back through all the vicissitudes of Nilotic annals, for 5400 years, till we touch the sepulchre of Prince Merhet—these pyramids, these tombs, themselves reveal infinite data upon ages to their construction long anterior; but how long? Utterly unknown."

Again, "the hieroglyphics, 'sacred sculptured characters,' represent that antique tongue which was the speech of Egypt when, long prior to the pyramids of the IVth dynasty, (that is, centuries anterior to 3500 years B. C.,) phonetic hieroglyphs succeeded an earlier *picture writing*;" and the hierologist may now trace the most ancient history known to man, written from age to age, as it swept down the stream of time, "in the writings of Egypt during 4000 monumental years down to the introduction of Christianity into the valley of the Nile." pp. 230, 231.

Lepsius, a European hierologist, places Menes, an eminent monarch of Egypt, "at the year 3893 B. C.," p. 393.

Charles Pickering, M. D., naturalist to the U. S. Exploring Expedition, under Captain Wilkes, puts the era, for the commencement of the Egyptian chronological reckoning at "4495 B. C.," p. 65. Thence we see that he finds Egypt an enlightened and powerful nation, 489 years before Adam, the first biblical man, was made. Was it there Cain found his wife?

"Bas-reliefs, beautifully cut, sepulchral architecture, and pyramidal engineering, reed pens, inks, (red and black,) papyrus paper, and chemically prepared colors, are proud evidences of the memphitic civilization of fifty-three centuries ago, that every man with eyes to see can now behold in noble folios published by France, Tuscany, and Prussia, and concerning which, any one, not an ignoramus through education, or a blockhead by nature, can acquire adequate knowledge by merely reading those English, French, German, or Italian works printed within the past fifteen years, * * * which are, at the present hour, very accessible to all intelligent readers, everywhere but on the bookshelves of primary seminaries." p. 237.

"When Egypt first presents herself to our view, she stands not forth in childhood, but with the maturity of manhood's age, arrayed in the time-worn habilimens of civilization. Her tombs, her temples, her pyramids, her manners, customs, and arts, all betoken a full-grown nation." p. 211.

"From an indefinite period prior to the year B. C. 3893, down to 250 years after the Christian era, the hieroglyphical character is proved to have been in uninterrupted use, while from the year B. C. 3893, modern hierology has determined the chronological order of the Egyptian dynasties, through present archæological reconstruction of the Nile's monuments." p. 689.

"At what era of the world's geological history the river Nile, the *Bahr-el-abiad* in particular, first descended from palustrine localities in central Africa, along the successive levels of Nubian plateaux, through its egyptian channel to the Mediterranean (beyond the indisputable fact that its descent took effect after the deposition of the so-termed *diluvial drift* upon the subjacent *limestone*) is a problem yet unsolved, but, nevertheless, we are enabled to draw, from the data already known, the following among other deductions of primary importance to Nilotic chronology:

"1st. Previously to the advent of the Sacred River, no deposition of *alluvium* having taken place upon the limestone, Egypt was uninhabitable by man.

"2d. Since the deposition of this alluvium, there has been no Deluge, in the literal Hebrew and genesiacal sense of the term, whether in Egypt, or in Asiatic and African countries to the Nile adjacent.

"3d. Humanity must have commenced in the valley of the Nile, under conditions such as exist at this day, after a sufficiency of alluvium had been deposited for the production of vegetable ailment, but at a time when the depth of this alluvium was at least twenty (fifty or more, for ought we can assert to the contrary) feet below the level of the highest portion of the Nile's bed at this hour; but how much soil had been previously deposited—that is, what its thickness was over the limestone when humanity first developed itself in Egypt—it is yet impossible to define.

"4th. Many centuries (in number utterly unknown) must be allowed for the multiplication of a human type in Egypt, from a handful of rovers to a mighty nation; and for the acquirement, by self-tuition, of arts and sciences adequate to the conception and execution of a pyramid; thus yielding us a blank amount of chronological interval; bounded on the one hand by the unknown depth and surface of the Nilotic alluvial, sufficient for the growth of human food, at the time of man's introduction; and on the other (after this nomad had been transmuted by time and circumstances into a farmer and then into a monument-building citizen) by the pyramids and tombs of the IVth Memphite dynasty; placed by Lepsius's discoveries in the thirty-fifth century P. C." pp. 687, 688.

According to the records made in Adam's day, the Egyptians, unharmed by Noah's flood, remained a powerful nation from Adam to Moses; now, reader, which will you believe, the ancient records that show these facts, or an account which says they were all drowned in a deluge?

From the Spiritual Telegraph.

Spiritual Progress.

BY L. A. HINE.

There are natural laws by which the race can make spiritual advancement. Obedience to these laws will insure the utmost of the highest spiritual aspiration. It is worse than folly to hope for light, and truth, and life, except by comming into harmony with our fellows, and harmony with natural laws, by which we are harmonized with the Divine. If any priest, prophet or seer can discover any other passage into the temple of exalting spirituality, let him speak and the world will hear. It is taken for granted that the proposition here announced is true—that no one can be found to deny it.

How, then, can we harmonize ourselves? This is but another form of the inquiry: "What shall I do to be saved?" "What shall I do to inherit eternal life?"

1. The first step to be taken is to bring ourselves into a right state of feeling toward our fellow-men. We must "love our neighbors as ourselves;" for, if we love not our neighbor whom we have seen, how can we love God whom we have not seen? We must begin to wish all men well. While we live we must be willing, yea, anxious, that others may also live. By cherishing this desire we shall strengthen it, and finally find ourselves disposed to help others to do well and live well by co-operating with each other and all the well-disposed to forward the great reforms of the age, which lie at the foundation of a genuine and universal spirituality.

2. This pure desire will urge the intellect to inquire. What are the eternal principles of right which must be reduced to practice in order to harmonize ourselves with our fellows and with nature? It will soon be discovered that the spirit in this rudimental state depends upon the body for its development, as the flower depends upon the stock for its beauty and its perfume. It will then be perceived that the body must be fed, clothed and sheltered before the spirit can be cultivated, expanded, developed. These are among the first needs of human nature—needs that are inexorable in their importunities—needs that must be supplied before anything can be done for spirit-culture.

The third reflection will be that the author of our bodies and our spirits has provided certain means of supplying these first needs to which he has created us subject, and hence it will be easily, yea, intuitively concluded by the rightly-disposed Spiritualist, who is really praying for harmony, that all mankind have equally the natural right to share in these divinely-constituted means of obtaining food, clothing and Shelter. It will also be intuitively concluded that each one has a right to take of this divine bounty to the extent of the use he can personally make of it for the supply of his needs; and to go beyond this is to infringe upon the equal right of his fellow-men, all of whom are created for spirit-culture as well as himself. Hence, it will be concluded that the monopoly of the soil, out of which come the supplies of life, is a fundamental wrong against the life, the liberty and the spiritual progress of the race. All true spiritualists should absolve themselves from this most destructive of all guilt, and cry aloud and spare not, till the existing land system that robs one-half of our people of homes, of education, of leisure for spiritual culture, and of more than half of their life in this and the eternal spheres, is made to conform to the natural and the divine order.

The existing system is sustained and consecrated by the old Church, and very little spiritual progress can be made except by changing the system that is in harmony with the orthodox understanding of the old Gospel. And yet many spiritualists are found monopolizing the common bounty of heaven to all mankind, and by such monopoly are imposing homelessness, poverty, and the double task of physical toil upon scores and hundreds of their fellow-men, who are thus deprived of all the sonsolations of spiritual hope, of time for culture, and of that manly sense that is indispensable to heroic efforts in mental progress. Spiritualists are found as grasping and as proud of their ill-gotten gains, as any in the old Church. Spiritualists are found as fond of the pomp and pageantry that dazzle to blind the spiritual eye as any who bow their heads in the old aristocraric synagogue! Is spiritualism anything, or is it nothing! If it be anything good, it certainly promises something better to all classes than the old theology affords. Then let us see Spiritualists more radical in practical matters, and striking for universal plenty and universal culture.

3. In the third place, after we have rightly disposed ourselves in reference to our fellow-men, and determined that all have the same rights in the bounties of Providence, in order that each may have the means of spirtual progress, we shall find ourselves inquiring: What is our duty in respect to the procurement of these means? We know that all things come of work. How intuitive is the conclusion that every man and every woman have much valuable work to perform—that each is bound to do his or her share—that he or she who neglects this is a pauper upon the labor of others, who are pauperized and spiritually impoverished to sustain the idleness, the pride and the luxury of those who perhaps deem themselves too spiritual to work at any useful service. Such are at war with their fellow-men, with nature and with God. They are out of harmony in all respects. They lead an idle and fashionable life, and God punishes them by destroying their physical health, weakening their bodily powers, and finally running out their blood, that their offspring may not long continue to curse the earth. The command of God, greater than all other commands, is to work—work physically and work spiritually—for he has given us no power of body or mind that was not given for vigorous use. Upon this use depends our health, and upon this health depends all spiritual progress. This divine use of all our powers would be but pleasure—the highest pleasure to every truly harmonious spiritualist; for he sees in it his whole duty and the sole means of his highest attainments. Imbued with this truth and duty he would scorn the idea of being a monopolist—of living and luxuriating upon the labor of others—and thus would he be manifesting to the world the truth of the higher gospel he possesses.

Books.—Nations quarrel and fight; authors quarrel and fight; fortunate it is for the world that books do not fight. Folios leading on quartos to do battle with duodecimos, offered by octavos, were a sad sight. Books, in the main, are civil. They sometimes say things stupid enough, and sometimes things provoking enough, disposing one to break the peace; but in such a case a wise man will recollect that he has to do merely with a book, and will shelve it, as the Admiralty shelves an obnoxious officer. We are permitted to thrash an author or a publisher—goodness knows why—but a book never. Metaphorically speaking, we may cut a book up; but materially speakink, we must be tender even of pulling its dog-ears. And when all the world is smoke and flame, and when wounds and woes make hearts heavy, the book as a recompense steps from its place—from dusty shelf or dull cupboard, it may be—to administer comfort. We verily believe that a man who has been used to books, chancing to die on desert sands, would feel gratified in his last moments by the sight even of a page of Mavor's Spelling Book. Books leap ditches and bound over barricades. They come to us in spite of pestilence; they visit us in spite of war. They find their way to us from St. Petersburgh and Moscow, though the Czar bids us defiance,—*London Literary Journal.*

☞ The Albany *Attas* has no fellowship with Know Nothingism or the Restraining Law. Why? Some one answers: Because its principal vitality is an Irish papist, and *hates snakes*